LINGUAL EXASPERATIONS.

More or Less Clever Catches in Pronunciation and Spelling.

A young lady was once talking with a very young and a very smart man, who was inclined to air his knowledge of the languages a little beyond what she felt that modesty required. She, therefore said to him, with an air of deference to his superior attachments:

"You are a Latin scholar. I wish you would tell me how to pronounce the word 'so-met-i-mes.'"

The youth, with an air of kindly patronage, replied: "I have not met the word in my Latin reading, but I should have no hesitation in saying that it should be pronounced 'so-met-i-mes'" (giving it in four syllables, the accent on the second).

"Thank you for telling me," replied the girl, demurely. "I have always heard it pronounced sometimes, but if you say the other way that must be right."

This is similar to the perhaps familiar catch of the pronounciation of "bac-kac-he," which will often surprise the uninitiated by proving to be only backache. It also reminds one of a question printed some years since as to the way of spelling "need"—to need bread. The average person will reply, "k-n-e-a-d, of course," but the answer will be: "That is the way to spell knead dough, but not to need bread."

A young lady recently misled a family in a most heartless way. She remarked: "I had a letter to-day, and how do you imagine the little preposition 'to' was used?"

"Too," suggested mamma.

"Two," suggested papa.

"Tew," "Teu," "Tu," ventured various voices.

Lilly, who was much engaged with her French lessons just then, suggested "tout," and Tom in derision improved upon that with "tueue," declaring that must be right in order to rhyme with "queue."

"All wrong," exclaimed the young lady, when the alphabet and their ingenuity were well exhausted.

Just then Teddy, who had been soberly absorbed in his bread and honey and who was in his first term at school and wrestling with the problem of words of two letters, raised his head and with an air of decision and importance replied, "T-o, to."

"Yes," cried the young lady with a peal of laughter.

"Why," exclaimed the others, in dismayed chorus, "that is the right way to spell it."

"Exactly," she replied, "and that is the way my correspondent spelled it. You do not suppose I correspond with persons who can not spell 'to' correctly, do you?"—Harper's Young People.

Old Habits Strong.

"Say, you!" angrily shouted the street corner huckster to the well dressed stranger who had swiped a peanut in passing, "don't you think you'd better buy about a cent's worth?"

"I beg your pardon, my friend," said the stranger, tossing him a dollar and passing on. "Before I struck natural gas I was a policeman."—Chicago Tribune.

A Perfect Balm.

Rev. Slowansleepy—Ah, Miss Smilax, I was glad to see you at church again after your long absence. I hope you liked the sermon?

Miss Smilax—Oh, yes, indeed; it was so restful.—Boston Courier.

But He Did Not Understand.

Mr. Snippy—Er—you want me to write in your album? Something humorous, I suppose?

Miss Hardtokill—Yes, something ridiculous. Write your name.—Chicago News Record.

A Virtue of Necessity.

Mother—I see you have been playing with that little girl next door again. Have you and she made up?

Small Daughter—No'm, but we haven't anybody else to play with.—Good News.

A Wise Precaution.

Turner Van Newleaf—I'm going to turn over a new leaf.

Jack Binthayr—Better turn down the corner, so you won't lose your place.—Puck.

As Usual.

"How are cocoanuts this year?" inquired the ring-tailed baboon.

"High, very high," called out the sacred monkey from the top of the palm.—Harper's Young People.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Wonderful and Awe-Inspiring Combinations in Evening Dress.

A Dress That Will Appear at the Coming Patriarchs' Ball—Pearl Ornamentation—Black and Purple the Favorites—Some New Gowns.

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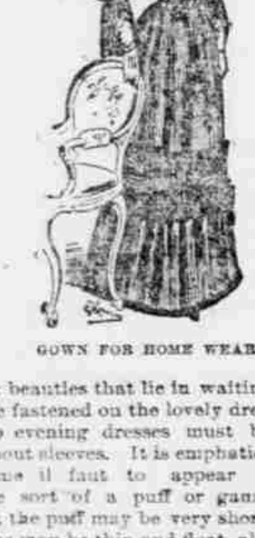
Well, we've about grown tired of being sensible. We did give up some of our eccentricities of last winter, and tried real hard all summer to be content. We lingeringly discarded the ridiculously long waist line and alarmingly high shoulder puff, the combination of which made us look so queer in

PALE GREEN WITH AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

the back. We even renounced at the beginning of this season the trains which swept so majestically over our streets and added such dignity to our appearance—so long as they were clean. This last sacrifice was so great that we immediately consoled ourselves by doubling the length of our house trains. This was soothing and inspiring likewise. It incited us to further action. We suddenly decided that the summer girl had been too modest, too unassuming in her robing. No wonder the male sex had failed to pay sufficient attention. She had been simply pretty and sweet, with her ruffles, her ribbons and laces. But that had not been enough. The winter girl must be magnificent, startling, gorgeous, unique—a thing apart—a different being from the girl of any other season. How to accomplish this difficult task the winter girl had to decide.

And the results of her cogitations we see before us—that wonderful commingling of so many styles, and periods and reigns. The immense panniers, the long, sweeping, flat trains, the flaring skirt, the low bodice, the high waist, the queer hour-glass sleeves, and the magnificence of these when appearing in rich velvet pile and priceless old lace, all proclaim that the winter girl may wear the laurel with a consciousness of victory won.

On the evening gown, of course, she has bestowed her most careful thought, for it is in the evening that she expects to score her greatest triumphs. She has planned one, for instance, for that great event of the season, the Patriarchs' ball, and it will be a success. For its material is a delicate green satin, to be generously ornamented with American beauties. The dress of princess cut will fasten invisibly at the left, and will be closely covered at the foot with the deep-hearted roses, put on in points. Over the closely-fitting, plain satin gown will fall a rich tunic of beautiful lace, plaited on the low-cut bodice, back and front, with an ample heading above. Then the tunic will fall perfectly loose to the feet, standing apart altogether at the left side, and with the lace edges forming pretty cascades as they fall. Across the bodice there will be a single row of roses, and another row around each of the sleeves, which will be short-large puffs of green velvet. Her feet will be shod in pink, her gloves will match the satin gown, the plumes in her hair will be like the



GOWN FOR HOME WEAR.

pink beauties that lie in waiting, ready to be fastened on the lovely dress.

No evening dresses must be made without sleeves. It is emphatically not comme il faut to appear without some sort of a puff or gauze on the arm; the puff may be very short, or the gauze may be thin and float altogether away from the arm, but sleeves there must be. Pearl is visible everywhere—in girdles, in bodices, in shoulder pieces, in long fringes. Some dresses are almost completely covered with rich pearl trimmings. A very wide belt encircles the waist or the hips, from which fall long pendants, close together, far down the skirt. Then two more bands go around the bodice under the arms, almost meeting in front, with shorter pendants hanging therefrom. Large epaulets with fringes, all of pearl, cover the shoulders, and a pearl collar mounts the whole. The effect is peculiarly rich over heavy corded white silk.

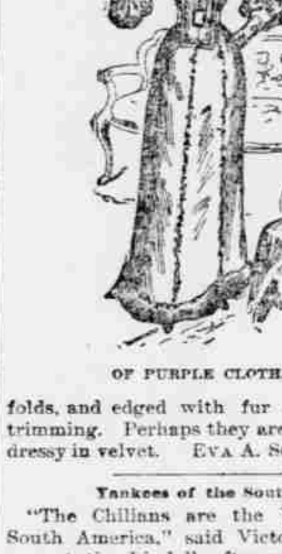
At a reception the other evening I saw a particularly attractive dress. It was made of a fine black velvet pile on a vari-colored ground, which showed through in a puzzling way, so that you couldn't quite make up your mind about it. About two-thirds down the skirt were two bands of lace, laid head to head, and separated by a number of tiny black velvet bands. A plastron of finely-gathered silk was joined to the bodice by a roll of the same, and a band of white passementerie ran over the left shoulder. On the other was an epaulet of much wider passementerie, which also formed the ceinture and the collar. The sleeves of black gauze were absolutely flat at the shoulder, falling in a loose puff to the elbow, and edged with a deep lace flounce.

Eminence purple—how much we see of it everywhere. It has even crept into the fine mesh with which we shield our complexions. Let me see—purple used to be second mourning, didn't it? But if all the dames that we see these days clad in the color are mourning departed friends, there is an innumerable host of them. In fact, pretty nearly every one is robed in black or purple. Both colors are extremely popular, and will be all winter.

A most striking dress of purple cloth has a flaring skirt edged with black fox; has fancy black braid hiding each skirt seam; has a short empire bodice, with a plain belt of pale yellow; has a queer kind of overpiece in yellow on the bodice, that is almost indescribable.

It forms first a standing collar and a sort of loose yoke, that falls on the shoulders in pretty curves. But instead of being contented as a yoke, it must needs run down back and front in a long, straight piece, even several inches below the belt. Where it passes the belt in front, a big gold buckle holds the two together. All around the edge of the yellow is a design in black embroidery. The lady wears a lovely purple veil with it.

So many dresses of last year are freshened with three short capes, generally trimmed with fur, and the longest of them just covering the shoulders. On the new gowns, too, these little pelerines figure conspicuously. Some very pretty brocade ones, of a single cape only, can be had for evening wear. They are generally only a few inches in length, are plaited in very large



OF PURPLE CLOTH.

folds, and edged with fur or feather trimming. Perhaps they are still more dressy in velvet. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

Yankees of the South.

"The Chilians are the Yankees of South America," said Victor P. Hart, now at the Lindell, after several years spent south of the line. "They are alert, progressive, ingenious and give the almighty dollar as hot a chase as any people on earth. The women are remarkably beautiful, and the men as fine a lot of fellows as can be found on the earth. They are, for the most part, tall, broad shouldered, supple as Hindoos and as brave as lions. It is peculiarly fortunate that the United States did not become embroiled in a war with Chili. Of course, such a contest could have had but one result; but it would not have been the walk-over the people of this country supposed. The Chilians are not only a brave and warlike people, but their mountainous country offers every advantage for defense. It is full of Thermopylean passes, where a handful of men could hold a mighty army at bay. It offers abundant sites for fortifications as impregnable as Gibraltar or Quebec. All this talk about the Chilians disliking the Americans is the veriest nonsense. They regard the United States as the grandest country and the Americans as the greatest people on earth. We should cultivate the Chilians. They are a deserving people, and the glory of South America depends chiefly upon them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

As the Saying Goes.

He—Were you impressed with Fetherhedde's conversation? He thinks he is quite out of sight in that line.

She—I dare say he is, for I found him absolutely out of mind.—Truth.

He Believed Him.

Friend—Too much whisky makes a body talk, don't it?

Col. Soak—I should say so. Why, you just ought to hear my wife when I go home drunk.—Jury.

A Spendthrift.

Mrs. Reading Deale—I think I shall have my new ball dress trimmed in coal.

Mr. Deale—Great heavens! Do you want to bankrupt me?—Truth.

Mr. Hobbs' Aspiration.

"I don't care nothin' about bein' made a lord," said Mr. Hobbs; "but ef the gov'ment was a mind to make my wife a lady I wouldn't put nothin' in their way."—Judge.

A Redeeming Trait.

"After all, the young man of the period has some redeeming features."

"Yes—when he goes to get his watch out of the pawn shop."—Des Moines Argonaut.

Woman.

How various in her moods she is
How ready to beguile;
She wounds us with her cutting tongue,
And heals us with her smile.
—Detroit Free Press.

Different Manners.

His City Niece—Uncle; uncle, don't! It's very impolite to eat with your knife.

Uncle Elihu—Hang impoliteness! I let you eat with your fork when you came out to Punkville this summer, didn't I, and never let on how funny it looked to us?—Puck.

That Was Why.

"Father," asked the boy, "what's the reason you call that shop of yours down town a 'plant?'"

"Because, my son," answered his father, gloomily, "I seem to be running it into the ground."—Chicago Tribune.

Gloomy Audiences.

Manager—I don't know what's got into audiences. It takes a mighty good comedian now to make them smile.

Lobbie—Perhaps they'd brighten up easier if you didn't charge so much for tickets.—N. Y. Weekly.

IN THE WOOD.

On woody mount, in brushy dell,
Who hath not felt that magic spell
That steals o'er heart and brain—
A sweet delight, that ebbs and flows
As freely as the zephyr blows,
Or falls the summer rain.

How well I know its every mood—
That gentle spirit of the wood!
That bids all sorrow cease:
A subtle something in the air
That softly steals away all care,
And fills the soul with peace.

It lives and breathes in every flower,
It whispers in the leafy bower
Where drowsy insects drone;
It rises into sweetest swells
Where the sequestered veery dwells
And chants his love alone.

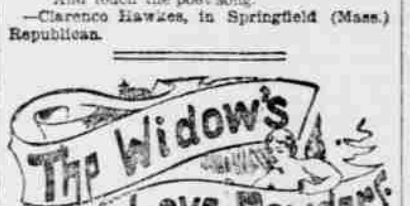
It bursts into a mighty roar
When winter sweeps the forest hoar,
With howling hurricane;
It murmurs low in brooklet flood,
And smiles in every bursting bud
When spring comes back again.

When autumn lights her crimson flame,
What artist would not give his fame
To paint so rich and rare!
When winter robes the firs in white,
Resplendent in the morning light,
What jewels tremble there!

How soft the wind of summer eves
That gently whispers in the leaves
Of lordly forest trees!
How wild the whirling tempest's breath
That wails the dirge of summer's death
In magic minor keys!

Ah, Nature! wrap thy dreamy shade
About the life that thou hast made,
And let me slumber long!
Thine echoes softly, sweetly roll
Through hidden chambers of the soul,
And touch the poet song.

—Clarence Hawkes, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.



WHEN he first saw her she was a widow. She was still quite young, not over six-and-twenty, and her short, curly hair, of a dark-brown shade, made her look even younger.

There was a pathetic look in her gray eyes that first drew Marsh Kendall's attention to her—that and one other thing that appeared extraordinary to him.

He had been loitering around the little suburban station waiting for the train to the city until the heat had brought on one of the severe headaches he so much dreaded. A man cannot abuse nature as Kendall had, working all day and half the night in the mines for months at a stretch, without nature resenting the neglect of her laws.

So it happened that while the spirit of the mines had rewarded his zeal by casting gold galore into his toil-worn hands, nature had retaliated by visiting him with a severe headache every few weeks.

An accident had delayed the train for an hour, and Kendall took advantage of the delay to look up a drug store and obtain temporary relief for his aching head.

Not two squares from the station he found what he was looking for. A little, one-story building displayed the sign, "Drugs and Medicines," and Kendall entered the store and looked around for the druggist. A slight rustle behind the prescription case made him turn his eyes in that direction in time to see the person emerge.

It was the young woman with pathetic gray eyes and short curly hair, and she advanced with an air which strove to be business-like and brisk. The years that he had spent away from civilization had not robbed Marsh Kendall of his innate reverence for woman. He removed his hat with a courteous, if somewhat ungraceful bow, and asked for the druggist.

"I am the druggist; what can I do for you?" asked the young woman, a little smile playing round the sad curves of her mouth and chasing the shadows from the depths of the gray eyes.

Kendall's perception was keen, and after another glance at her he noticed the dress of black, unrelieved by a single glimpse of white, and thought she had taken the place of her dead father, or possibly her husband, and was trying to breast the billows of commercial life.

A woman conducting such a business was a novelty to him, but during the ten years he had been away strange things had happened, and Kendall accepted this as one of them. Reluctantly, however, for he was one of those men who think of a woman adorning a home and making it the brightest spot on earth for husband and children, not as a bread winner.

"What would you advise for a severe headache?" he asked, recovering from his first surprise.

The little curly head was bent slightly sideways, as the druggist reflected. "Antipyrine is good, and antikamnia, too'" she said, "but perhaps these are still better," and she took a box from a shelf and extracted some grayish-looking capsules from it.

"These are marked 'sure cure,'" she said, "and I have no doubt if you have faith enough they will carry out their promise."

Man is a creature of such imagination that as soon as he had swallowed a capsule, washed down with a glass of cold water, Kendall's headache began to subside.

Reluctantly he left the store and stepped into the hotel across the street. He wanted very much to know the history of the young woman, yet shrunk from asking about her. He was relieved of this necessity by the landlord, who was only too glad to have some one to talk to.

"Guess you was surprised to see a woman runnin' a drug store, wasn't you?" he asked, with a little chuckle.

"I was, indeed," replied Kendall, and the question in his eyes led the loquacious landlord on.

"She's the Widow Kingsberry and her husband was a druggist. He was a triflin' kind of fellow, never half good enough for her, and he took from bad to worse. They had been married six years when he died of a protracted spree. Then she found out that he had taken the money she had toiled and worked for to pay his insurance premiums and spreed with it.

"It was perfectly heartrendin' to see her despair when she found out how he had deceived her and left her with only the little store. She was sick after his death, that accounts for her curly hair—but as soon as she could creep around she opened up the store and has kept pluckily at it ever since."

Kendall ground his teeth at the recital. His heart gave a great throb of pity for the poor little druggist, and "pity is akin to love."

He had come down to the little place to look at some property that was for sale. It was rather a grand country house, and although the price was reasonable he concluded not to take it. But now, for obvious reasons, he changed his mind and feeling much better walked around to see the agent and close the deal.

That night he remained in the village and again dropped into the little drug store to buy a box of capsules. He flushed redly as he asked for them, saying that it was "always better to be prepared." Nor was this the last box of them he bought from the widow. After his removal to his new home he rarely passed a day without dropping in and purchasing some.

The widow's tender heart was touched with pity for the poor man who needed so much medicine for his headache, and "pity is akin to love." Had she seen the stack of unopened boxes of the magic capsules in Kendall's medicine chest the inconsistency of her sex would doubtless have prevented any change in the widow's sentiments. About two months after his first visit to her store Kendall came in and found an awkward country gallant going in just ahead of him.

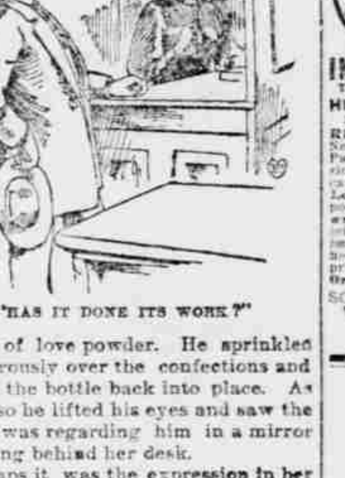
"Want a nickel's worth of love powders," he snickered.

With a flush in her cheeks the widow bowed to Kendall and turned to wait on the countryman. She took down a bottle of fine, white powder and weighed the amount. As he took it the follow said: "My chum used it and it worked fine. He spread it on candy and gave it to his girl and they wuz married last night. Hope I'll have as good luck."

Kendall looked at the druggist questioningly as the fellow departed.

"It's what they call love powder," she said, with a little forced laugh. "I hate to sell it but they will have it. Of course there's nothing in it—only their imagination. They think that if they can get a person to eat it their love is secured."

She stepped behind the desk to attend to something and Kendall was alone. Quick as a flash he drew a box of bonbons that he had bought for the widow and noiselessly moved over and secured



"HAS IT DONE ITS WORK?"

the jar of love powder. He sprinkled it generously over the confections and slipped the bottle back into place. As he did so he lifted his eyes and saw the widow was regarding him in a mirror that hung behind her desk.

Perhaps it was the expression in her eyes that gave him courage, for he turned and went back to her.

"I have brought you these," he said, handing her the box of bonbons.

A demure smile which she could not repress played around the corners of her mouth as she gravely thanked him and opened the box.

One, two, three pieces she ate, and then Kendall, whose heart was wildly beating as he endeavored to speak, coolly asked: "Has it done its work?"

"I think it has," she said, faintly, and Kendall's arms were around her and her head was on his breast, the sad look gone forever from her lovely gray eyes.—Caroline Valentine, in Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Brighter Than the Sun.

A minute parallax of about one-sixtieth of a second of arc found for Arcturus by Dr. Elkin gives a most astounding result. This small parallax implies a distance from the earth equal to about 12,000,000 times the sun's distance. This vast distance would produce a diminution of light of about 35¼ magnitudes, so that the sun placed at the distance of Arcturus would be reduced to a star of only 9¾ magnitude! It would not be visible with an opera glass! Arcturus is, therefore, in round numbers, 9¾ magnitudes, or over 6,000 times brighter than the sun would be at the same distance.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Room for Improvement.

The next four centuries will witness the discovery of no more Americas and Australias, but they will, let us hope, witness such progress in civilization as shall make the intellectual and moral contrast between 1892 and 2292 as great as that between 1892 and the year when the heart of the indomitable Genoese sailor was made glad beyond all power of expression by the realization of the fact that, as he had maintained in the teeth of frowning opposition, one voyage west across the wild Atlantic could, the winds and the waves permitting, at last reach land.—Boston Traveller.

An Honest Affection.

Mrs. Mater—Do you like children, Mr. Baldie?

Mr. Baldie—I just love them, at the theater.

"The theater?"

"Yes, indeed. I love to have the dear little things on the seats in front of me."—N. Y. Weekly.

In the Plural.

"Ah, Mees Hobartone, you climb ze Matterhorn? Zat was a foot to be proud of."

"Pardon me, count, but you mean 'feat.'"

"O-h! You climb it more than vonce?"—Demorest's Magazine.

Destructive to the Memory.

A.—I have just discovered what it is that destroys the memory most completely.

B.—Alcohol?

"No."

"Tobacco?"

"No."

"Morphine?"

"No. It is lending a man money."—Texas Siftings.

The Expert Lady Driver.

She—You say you knew it was I who was driving when you were half a mile away from us. Now how could you recognize a person in a carriage at that distance?

He—Easy to recognize you. The carriage never turned out for other vehicles and stopped three blocks one side of the railroad crossing because a train was coming.—Chicago News Record.

She Knew.

First Wife—Well, Mrs. Brown knows where her husband is every minute in the day.

Second Wife—That's the kind of a husband I would like to have. How does she manage it?

First Wife—She had him sent to Sing Sing for bigamy.—Truth.

Household Sweetness.

Mr. Plummer—I just found my hat on the refrigerator. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I will find it next?

Mrs. Plummer—Probably on your head, dear.

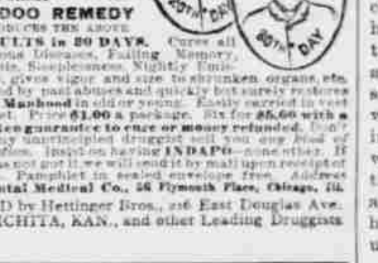
And Mrs. Plummer smiled sweetly as Mr. Plummer slammed the door and rushed downstairs.—Judge.

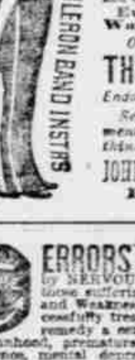
A Misfit.

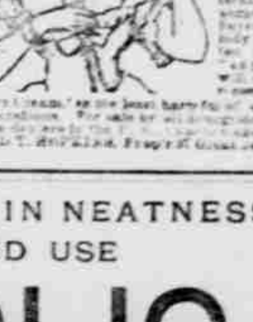
Little Girl—Mamma, I guess these shoes are a little too big.

Mamma—Why so?

Little Girl—They stopped hurting me the first week.—Good News.







WERE ALL CRACK SHOTS.

Thought Nothing of Shaving Off a Partridge's Tail With a Rifle Bullet.

"Huh! that's nothin'," said Abe Veder of the Northwood Gun club. "I was comin' out from Little Black Creek lake once, where I'd been deer huntin' an' had a hundred an' nine pounds o' jerked meat on my back. I'd jes' set down to rest when Bob Michaels come along. He war jes' goin' to get a little meat for Thanksgivin', he said. In course we sets our packs down an' takes a nip o' Bourbon, and talks awhile. As we was talkin' a couple o' patridges flew inter a birch three 'bout sixteen rods away. Says Bob:

"'I'll jes mark one other so's I'll know 'im next time.' With that Bob raised his rifle an' shoots. 'Hit him jest forward o' the black line on his tail.' Sure enough, the feathers as come down war cut slick an' clean from the partridge's tail. I reckon they can't any one here do so well as that."

"Mebbe you think so," said Fred Jones, "but I don't. I was comin' down the road t'other day when I see a big hawk sailin' around. I had my Remington, but I wa'n't a-goin' to waste any shells on that bird, but I watched him a spell. Jest as I started on Doc Morey came along with a horse an' buggy, an' Lester Hickland drivin' for him. Quick's he see that hawk he hauls out a pistol 'bout a foot long an' bangs away without ever stoppin' the horses. The hawk jest pulled himself together an' down he come. I ran over an' picks him up. A bullet had gone clear through his body jest under his wing. I golly but I'd like ter get one o' them pistols."

"Talk about shootin' with a pistol," said Ike Frazier, "the doctor may shoot good, but a feller wants tew shoot quick tew be any good. You should a seen ole Edmun' Morris as I did. I was down to the creek one mornin' in August. It was early an' the trout was jumpin' all around me as I fished down stream. As I got into the still water I could hear some one shootin' down below me, an' so 'twas a poor stretch o' creek for eighty rods or so down I waded to the bank an' walked down. Every once in a while I'd hear someone shoot around the bend at Will Lovel's. I jest took a sneak around kinder careful an' thar stood ole Edmun' with one o' those Colt's revolvers he keeps hangin' over his bedroom door. Just then an old soaker of a trout jumped out in the creek. Afore I could wink with my eyes I heard the revolver pop an' see the bullet strike an inch or two from the nigh side o' the trout, an' then the pink belly o' the trout come up. I couldn't keep in any longer. Edmun' had just started to wade out to his trout, but when he heard me he turned an' put for shore. Then he picked up a string o' trout I hadn't noticed that would weigh twelve pounds, an' went into the bushes. After he had gone I went an' got the trout. What dy'e think? It weighed 2½ pounds six hours after. Right through his side was a hole where the buckshot as Edmun' uses for bullets went.—N. Y. Sun.

A Paradox.

Mr. New—On the stage they always have such dolt, woodeny actors to represent dukes and kings—

Mr. Know—Yes; that's so as to have them true to life.—Puck.